

Children of Evil

by Rainbowbeanz

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Summary: Oh how Blossom hated feeling this way...dazed, confused, and dizzy. He made her go red, he made her feel stupid for saying stupid things in front of him. Most of all, he made her go short of breath from nothing but pure love.

1. Chapter 1

**HI! This is my new fanfiction: Children of Evil. Basically, the punks and puffs are sisters. I decided to have Blossom be the youngest because I wanted her and her sisters (not the punks) to be born on the day of daylight savings and the time it began because I heard this cool story about twins that were born during daylight savings. The boy was born first, but because of daylight savings, the girl was born 26 minutes first. Isn't that cool? The ruffs are also brothers, but it's just them. **

I do not own the PowerPuff Girls

* * *

><p>When the days are cold
And the cards all fold
>_And the saints we see
>Are all made of gold

xXx

Sighing, Blossom checked herself over once more. She was to make an appearance at the royal ball her mother and father would be hosting, even if it was just for a second. It took a long time for them to convince her to wear the dress that was specially designed for her, but somehow they managed. The torso of the dress was a see-through black fabric with a beautiful opaque blood red color underneath. Starting from the waist down, the blood red fabric and see-through black fabric overlapped the next layer about an inch. On the end of

each layer, was an opaque black fabric that folded to the right, making the fabric overlap. The front went on like that until her mid-thigh, and the back went on like that until her ankles. Her mother had her wear her red tights that matched the red silk on the inside of the dress and her red and black three inch heels. The bottom of the heels was a smooth black and the top was a pretty red fabric with short, black fringe at the opening. They also included a red ankle strap. The maid, Annabella, was doing her hair the way her parents wanted it: the top half parted in the middle and each section pulled into two messy braids and the bottom half left down.

"Miss." Blossom turned around, only to find Annabella forcing a silver necklace with a red gem attached to the very front around her neck. Annabella then left, stifling laughs from what she had done. Growling slightly, Blossom sat on her pink bed, picking up an old porcelain doll.

"I should have her fired, shouldn't I Lily?" The doll was creepy, though Blossom didn't think so. The skin tone was a pale color, after all the years of scrubbing off dirt, some of her original skin color came off too. The eyes were wide, and the lashes long. Blossom had always loved her doll's chocolate brown eyes. Lily's once neat, black pigtails were now messy, and a pink ribbon was put on her head that matched the ripped and torn at the ends and sleeves pink dress that clothed her doll for years. She even had sparkly high heels, though now they didn't sparkle and one of the heels had fallen off.

Exciting her room, Blossom growled as she nearly ran into her oldest sister, Berserk. She didn't feel like putting up another fight with the older girl just to prove who was better. Though she hated to, Blossom even had to admit Berserk's dress was really pretty. It was an elegant black mermaid dress with hot pink frill. The dress was strapless to let Berserk's large, red and black demonic wings sway back and forth freely. The torso to the knees, the black dress was tight, outlined in hot pink. At the knees, where it puffed out slightly, were two hot pink horizontal strips that were exactly a foot apart. Her hair was done in an elegant half-up, half-down style.

"What's wrong with you," Berserk hissed, but Blossom ignored her oldest sister. She was so used to this behavior by now. "I swear, if you wreck my dress I'll have you hanged!" Rolling her eyes, Blossom walked down the marble staircase to the living room. True, the whole palace looked as if someone had just died since it was always covered in that dull yet deadly black and red pattern. But the style fit the royal family.

"Mommy, Berserk's threatening to kill m—" Blossom had stopped cold in her tracks upon seeing the visitors. There were five of them, most likely vampires. There was a woman with pale skin and clear blue eyes with black hair that seemed to be greying. Though Blossom could also see strands of red and blonde in her hair. A man who looked utterly terrified, he had dull green eyes and charcoal black hair that was also greying. His sickening pale skin made her want to vomit. The last three were boys, most likely fraternal triplets. A boy with blonde hair and dark blue eyes an ocean color looked just as horrified as his father, maybe more. He did anything to avoid eye contact. Looks like Bubbles will have a new plaything, Blossom mused. Her baby blue eyed sister was looking for a new boy toy.

Another boy with spiky black hair and skin as pale as his father's (the blonde boy had pale skin of his mother) with green eyes that looked like the forest itself, Blossom inwardly smirked as he held eye contact for a few strong seconds, then looked away. Can't keep my gaze for even a mere five seconds, Blossom thought bitterly. Oh, how she hated that people couldn't look her in the eyes at all or for even a mere three seconds. Next Blossom studied the last boy. He had ember red hair, as red as her own, and eyes that could only be determined as ruby red. They intrigued her, even his semi-pale skin peeked her curiosity. Finally, she met his gaze, and he was strong and fierce when looking at her. He oozed male power and strength, not that the other boys didn't, this boy just seemed to carry it out more to her. I like him, Blossom thought. "Who are these people?"

Her mother seemed surprise, but didn't tell her anything, instead changing the subject to the ball. Instead of listening to her mother like she should have (but when did demons do anything they should have?), Blossom instead found her thoughts strangely captivated by the red eyed boy.

"-som, Blossom, are you even listening?" Her mother was suddenly in front of her, and Blossom felt her blood boil. If that stupid boy hadn't captured her attention, she wouldn't look like such an idiot. And in front of the cutest boy in the world!

"Yes, mommy," Blossom slowly let the lie slip out, having done this for years with Berserk, not a single ounce of guilt hit her. "Of course I'm listening." Why would she even feel guilt anyway? She's a demon, she was meant to be full of bitterness and lies.

"What did I just say then?" At this, Blossom had to bite her lip. Her mother ran a full different system than Berserk or Brute! Rocking on her feet back and forth, Blossom found herself looking away from her mother's dark pink eyes that seemed to nearly be red. "So you lied to me? That's it young lady, you'll be at that ball the whole time! Not a second, a minute, or an hour, the full twelve hours!" Feeling the color drain from her face, Blossom felt herself slowly sink to the floor before she completely registered what had just happened.

"NO!" She suddenly shouted, grasping onto her mother's ball gown. "No, mommy, no! I won't lie to you anymore! Please, I can't go through twelve hours of that, please no! I'm too young to die!" At this point, Blossom didn't care about looking like an idiot, she didn't want to be there that long!

"You should have thought about that before you lied." Her mother hissed, finally walking off. For a second, Blossom stared at the area that her mother had just been in, completely unaware of the family that was completely frozen in shock.

"I HATE YOU!" She suddenly screamed, standing up and storming off. Glaring at the visitors that still stared at her. Stopping and putting her hands on her hips, Blossom mustered up her best glare.

"What are you looking at?" She hissed, air in the palace suddenly deadly. The mother and father paled more, if that was possible. Instead of scampering off like most people, the boys just stood there, stifling laughs.

"Are you really this much of a spoiled brat?" The blonde asked.
"Throwing a tantrum just because you have to go to a ball? Isn't that what princesses love?" Before Blossom could reply, another sound cut her off.

"Blossom! If you don't hurry up, we are gonna miss-oh hello," Bubbles had walked in, and now set her eyes on the blonde boy that had spoken to Blossom. It amazed Blossom that he was able to hold her sister's gaze. Interesting. "I'm sorry for Blossom's behavior today, usually she's as sweet as pie. But she loathes balls, I think she's been hanging around my older sisters too much."

"Which sisters?" Boomer piped up again and Blossom felt her blood boil at the thought of him trying to get on her sister's good side.

"Buttercup and Brute. They also loath balls," Just then, two unattractive boys ran into the room, they were scrawny and had very little muscle. Sighing, Bubbles excused herself for one moment as they attempted to woo her. "Look, I've told you time and time again: If Blossom doesn't like you, neither do I. Now scram!" At her words, Boomer felt himself pale. He had been a bit rude, hadn't he? And now because of that, he would never be able to be with Bubbles. Cause she would keep turning him down.

Before he could say anything else, Blossom spoke up. "Onee-chan, am I a brat?" Bubbles looked confused and angry at the same time when she saw Boomer bite his lip and look away from her gaze. Oh dear...tell her he didn't. Taking a deep breath, and crouching down the slightest bit to Blossom's short height of 5'3", Bubbles did her best to keep her concentration on her younger sister.

"Oh Blossom, of course not," Bubbles cooed, nearly shoving her sister in a hug. "It's just, you can act like one whenever it's the day of a ball. Otherwise, you're the sweetest sister I have!" After telling Blossom to step out of the room for a moment, Bubbles spun on her heel and glared at the family.

"To whoever told my sister that she's a brat, I will let you know she is far from one. Yes she acts like one from time to time, but when has somebody not? I guarantee you that if you come back tomorrow, she will be her normal self." With that, Bubbles stormed off after her sister.

xXx

The ball had gone off with no problems, and Blossom continued to ask Bubbles to dance with her. She had not noticed the vampire family that were watching the ball, but Bubbles had and continued to glare at Boomer, as if she knew it was him who said those things to her sister. Of course, Boomer just tried to focus on her dress. It was pretty, a black and blue halter ball gown. The main color was black and the bodice was covered in blue glitter and so was the top of the skirt, and as the skirt got longer, the glitter spread out more evenly. She continued to laugh with her sister, now ignoring him.

8:00 p.m.

Two hours since it started and the ball was still going strong.

Blossom had taken up dancing with her other older sister, Buttercup. Buttercup's dress was pretty, and she certainly caught Butch's attention. Her dress was emerald green, like her eyes. It was knee length, and was torn and ripped at the end. Underneath her dress was black tights that had various holes and rips of all sizes in them. She didn't care about how others viewed her, she was independent.

10:00 p.m.

Butch had managed to get Buttercup to dance with him, and though she would never admit it, she was falling for him fast and hard. Every now and again, Blossom would interrupt their fun, asking something and then running off. She constantly asked where Bubbles or Brat was, and asked when the ball would end. Every now and then, she'd start to fuss and whine, most likely from being tired, though it could be acting up again.

12:00 a.m.

Blossom had set a new plan to get out of the remaining six hours into motion: She decided to pretend to be tired. It seemed much easier than actually begging her mother to get out early. She did all the steps of her plan, and sooner than later her parents sent her to her room. Blossom did her best to act sleepy as she carried Lily and herself to her room, congratulating herself on a job well done once she got to the safety of her room. She had slipped into her pale pink nightgown, a babydoll nightgown that stopped right after her bottom. She had never intended for anyone other than her personal maid and family to see her in it, so you could just imagine the horror stitched onto her face as she let her hair down and the sound of a door knock made it's way to her ears. Followed by her door opening...

Gasping out of shock and embarrassment, Blossom felt her ears and cheeks redden as the red eyed boy from earlier walked into her room. He looked at her, frozen in shock, but Blossom could still see he didn't regret his decision.

"What are doing in my room?!"

* * *

><p>Uh oh, poor Blossy...and poor Brick too. He's gonna get ripped to shreds...

Anyway, I hope you liked my first chappie to Daughters of Evil! Sorry I didn't really mention Aku much in this...I was sort of focused on Bossom. Haha...*sweatdrop*

**Alrighty, we shall continue the story at my next update!
Rainbowbeanz out!**

2. Chapter 2

Hello! I'm so happy cause I already got 2 reviews! Isn't that awesome? Anyway, I got a question about ages, so I figured I might as well tell you in this little note from me to you guys.

**Berserk-17
>**Brute-17
>Brat-17

**Buttercup-16
>Bubbles-16
Blossom-16**

**Boomer-16 1/2
>Brick-16 12
>Butch-16 12**

I actually put them in the order they were born in in this story. I mean, the exact time and who came before who is really unknown. We just assume who's oldest based on how they act. I can tell you right now, that I'm oldest in my family and my younger sister acts more mature than me. I don't own powerpuff girls.

* * *

><p>When your dreams all fail
And the ones we hail
>Are the worst of all
And the bloods run stale_

_xXx _

To say Brick regretted his decision would be a lie. He had come up to check on her, since she seemed pretty tired, but he had to tear his eyes away from the sight in front of him.

Blossom was standing there, that creepy porcelain doll she had been carrying around in her arms, and a really short pale pink nightgown on her. And by short, Brick meant booty short. Her hair was down, and in a mess while her face was a red as a cherry. Something told Brick only her family was supposed to see her like this.

"What are you doing in my room?!" She screamed, and Brick let out a chuckle. Should he say the truth and risk looking like Boomer, or should he make up a perverted lie and risk looking like Butch? Well, she certainly is hot, _ Brick inwardly mused as he let his eyes roam her figure once more. 38C breasts, a small waist, and good sized butt too, damn. But something tells me she doesn't tolerate perverts. _

"If you don't answer me right now, I'm gonna call my daddy and he'll beat you to a bloody pulp!" Brick let out a full laugh this time, catching the youngest princess of guard. He was laughing? And at a time like this?

"Oh princess," Blossom snorted. Princess her butt. "You just seemed so tired, I got worried that you wouldn't get to your room without falling over. I knocked, but nobody answered, so I came in to see if you were asleep." The sudden realization struck Blossom like lightning. She had not answered when he knocked, therefore, it was assumed she was not there or asleep. She gasped, face reddening once more.

"I-I'm so sorry! I-I should have known!" Once again, Brick found himself laughing for the third time that night.

"Don't worry princess," he winked. "I won't tell anyone of our little

encounter." With those words he left the room.

xxx

The sudden, harsh, shaking jolted Blossom awake only for her to meet a pair of cocoa brown eyes. Mentally, she groaned. It was Princess, and since she was here, Blossom guessed their parents were in a business meeting. Her sisters and herself had met Princess when they were five, and her oldest sisters, six. It always irked Blossom that Princess was six months older than her and Bubbles and Buttercup. She certainly didn't act older.

"Hey sleepyhead," Princess cooed. The sugary tone of her voice made Blossom want to barf. Princess was only nice to her because of a crush, it was obvious, and Princess made it quite understanding that no other person was to win Blossom's heart, male or female. "You seem so tired. Do need something to kick you so you got some energy?" Princess then straddled Blossom, nearly capturing the princess demon's lips in hers. As if someone had screamed, Blossom leapt to her feet, an action that she just regretted.

"I like that nightgown on you," Princess then stood up, eyes roaming Blossom's figure. "Is that the one I bought you? Oh, I'm so happy! You like it so much you obviously wear it every night!" Blossom scoffed, crossing her arms and rolling her eyes.

"No, you threw out all my other pajamas...I have no choice but to wear this," the look on Princess' face showed nothing but a mixture of sadness and anger. "Now get out of my room, I have to get dressed." At the moment, a wicked smirk graced the spoiled girl's face as an idea came to her. Skipping out the room, Princess put her foot in between the door and wall, effectively leaving a crack. She had planned to go in when her current love interest was changing into a new outfit, hopefully the one Princess had bought her. Just as Blossom was about to slip into a cute dress, Princess barged in, closed the door, and attacked Blossom. The demon princess squeaked in surprise as she and Princess fell to the floor. Princess on top and Blossom on bottom. The position was not in her favor...

Just as Blossom was about to push the spoiled brat off of her, something pushed against her lips hard. It took Blossom a little while to realize that Princess was kissing her. Eyes wide, Blossom squirmed uncomfortably underneath her, shrieking in surprise when Princess' teeth bit and nibbled her teeth on Blossom's bottom lip. When Blossom had squeaked, it gave Princess perfect access to her mouth, and the spoiled brat took every chance she got to explore it.

Finally, Blossom was able to push Princess off of her, gasping for air. Looking around, Blossom realized she was still a bit dizzy from lack of air. She saw Princess at her closet, taking out the outfit she had bought her and Blossom felt her blood run cold. Climbing onto her bed, Blossom picked up the dress she was about to wear. Her father had bought it for her, and it was cute in her opinion. It was heart shaped and stopped at her knees. Though Blossom wasn't very fond of black, the silky black fabric had caught her attention. Besides, it had a pink flower pattern that started after the waist. Suddenly, arms wrapped around her waist, casually pulling the skirt up to her waist. It took Blossom a short second to understand that Princess was dressing her. Then, the shirt came. Really, the black

crop top was uncomfortable, Blossom just wasn't very used to it.

"Come now," Princess cooed, taking Blossom's hand. "I'm sure you hungry."

xXx

Brick was mad. He was furious, as he had heard from one of the guards that some brat named Princess was now Blossom's love interest. Yeah, right. He could feel her heartbeat when they met, he could see that gaze full of unmistakable interest and love, he knew she liked him.

This Princess girl was just getting in the way.

* * *

><p>Yes, yes, I know. Very short. I just wanted to get this particular part into a chapter because I got this idea in my head and I just need to write it out (at least the first chapter) cause I need to! Besides, I'm kinda getting writers block for this story so I'm sorry, you'll have to wait a little bit for the third chapter and to hear Brick's plans and what's gonna happen. Trust me, it'll be dramatic and good *wink, wink, nudge, nudge* ;)

see you in the next chapter! Buh Bye!

-Rainbowbeanz

End
file.